

# Todd Rundgren

A close-up portrait of Todd Rundgren. He has shoulder-length, straight, reddish-brown hair with bangs. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a neutral expression. He is wearing a dark, possibly black, turtleneck sweater. A decorative necklace made of small, circular, metallic-looking links is draped around his neck. The lighting is dramatic, with a strong red hue, particularly on his hair and the necklace. The background is dark and indistinct.

DISC 2

Something/Anything?

DISC 2

- 01 **Black Maria** (5:18)
- 02 **One More Day (No Word)** (3:44)
- 03 **Couldn't I Just Tell You** (3:36)
- 04 **Torch Song** (2:51)
- 05 **Little Red Lights** (4:51)
- 06 **Overture — My Roots: Money (That's What I Want)/  
Messin' With The Kid** (2:30)
- 07 **Dust In The Wind** (3:46)
- 08 **Piss Aaron** (3:28)
- 09 **Hello It's Me** (4:41)
- 10 **Some Folks Is Even Whiter Than Me** (3:57)
- 11 **You Left Me Sore** (3:43)
- 12 **Slut** (3:35)

Produced by Todd Rundgren

All songs written by Todd Rundgren except track 6, written by Bradford, Gordy and Strong/Kuepper and Bailey, and track 7, written by Klingman.



DIGITAL REMASTERING BY BILL INGLÖT AND KEN PERRI AT 4-DISC  
CD REPACKAGING BY DON BROWN AND MARIA BERRY/RHINO CREATIVE SERVICES

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R2DD 71107

TODD RUNDGREN

SOMETHING/ANYTHING?

DISC 2

RHINO/BEARSVILLE

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## PART 3

The kid gets heavy.

### BLACK MARIA

I wish I knew what this song is about. I could swear I've heard it before.

Black Maria, you scare me so  
I feel as though my heart stop dead  
You're a liar, this I know  
I watch you go around my head

Oh, I'm going down slow  
You scare me so  
Oh, you never let go  
You scare me so

Gay deceiver, my eyes they burned  
My insides turned, my brain it rolled  
Unbeliever, but now I've learned  
I took my turn, I come up cold

### ONE MORE DAY (NO WORD)

Another track from Runt Recorders. It's a song about people with all the time in the world. What a drag.

One more day  
They said we'd be home for Christmas but I'm still here today  
One more day  
I went to see the first lieutenant, he said shut up and wait  
One more day, no word

We don't pick no more trees till the union OK  
If they don't get a contract soon then I don't think we can stay  
One more day, no word

All alone, all my friends are gone  
Ears of stone, eyes gone blind  
Too little to do and too much time

I haven't seen my girl in a year last July  
She hasn't even written a letter but I try not to cry  
One more day, no word

### COULDN'T I JUST TELL YOU

The hits just keep on coming.

Keep your head and everything will be cool  
You didn't have to make me feel like a fool  
When I try to say I feel the way that I do  
Why can't I talk to you  
And then I'll make it clear though you don't care to hear

Couldn't I just tell you the way I feel  
I can't keep it bottled up inside  
And couldn't we pretend that it's no big deal  
And there's really nothing left to hide

Something sure doesn't seem right to me  
When you can turn your back whenever you please  
And you stroll away and calmly bid me adieu  
Why can't I talk with you  
And put it in your ear though you don't care to hear

Hear me out  
Why don't you lend me an ear  
You've got no reason to fear  
I'll make it perfectly clear  
I love you

I don't come whining with my heart on my sleeve  
I'm not a coward if that's what you believe  
And I'm not afraid but not ashamed if it's true  
I go to talk to you  
And then I'll make it clear

### TORCH SONG

The original version was recorded at Runt Recorders (see inside cover) but the sudden appearance of a motorbike in the second verse and the sound of a radio station playing a Dixieland rendition of 'Hello Dolly' in the repeat chorus caused it to be junked.

When you say goodbye to the love that we knew  
This you can be sure of  
I will torch on for you  
I will carry my torch for you

When you break somebody's heart, nothing much left to do  
Howsoever sadly  
I will torch on for you

Somewhere in the back of my heart it's there  
And every day it finds me then reminds me

I will bear my cross, I will bear your cross too  
I will pine forever  
I will torch on for you  
I will carry my torch for you

### LITTLE RED LIGHTS

A song about the joys and hazards of driving. Also a "you know what" to "you know who".

You got to ease into line boy  
But once I hit the open road I'll be sailing off and on my own

You and me in my GT  
With those little red lights in front of me  
When I go to heaven you know that's where I want to be

Would you please fill it up boy  
I'd like to stop and catch myself a bite but I sure hate to leave the road tonight

Instrumental in 3 movements: 1st, 2nd and 3rd gear

And when I'm racing the clock  
You know that I would die or kill somebody just to move this hunk of steel one more block

Spoken (with mild disdain as one gropes for the stick): I think I see a little red light in my rear view mirror.

A terrific chase ensues, resulting in many new highway statistics and ultimately, the realization of the desire expressed in the chorus. RIP

## PART 4

### "BABY NEEDS A NEW PAIR OF SNAKESKIN BOOTS"

A Pop Operetta

My original idea for this side was a series of songs with sing along choruses. All the songs were performed live and there were no over-dubs. The people that showed up were the people who sang and played, meaning that anyone who happened to be in the studio or in the neighborhood and didn't have anything better to do came in to play. Everybody, including me, learned the songs immediately prior to recording them, so most of it is spontaneous to a degree. Anyway, I decided it would scan better if I drafted it into a sort of operetta, that kind of thing being very popular nowadays.

### OVERTURE -- MY ROOTS

Money -- Performed by a group of the same name, circa 1966.  
Rick Valente -- lead vocal  
Randy Read -- rhythm guitar and owner of the equipment  
Collie Read -- bass and Randy's brother  
Some guy named Stockman plays the strange rhythms  
That's me on guitar

Messin With the Kid -- Performed by a group known as Woody's Truck Stop at the Artists Hut in Philadelphia, late '66. The personnel changed so many times that I don't remember who played except for the demonic guitar work.

Scene 1 -- The back room at Max's Kansas City  
All around are barely familiar faces, each with the same look of despair. At the back corner table under a hideous red fluorescent light sculpture sits our hero. A salad is set before him and he begins to sing and sob into it:

### DUST IN THE WIND

Tell everyone that I am sorry, truly sorry  
For all of the wrongs I done  
I never meant to hurt nobody  
I never want to do no wrong

I have lied, I have begged and I have cheated  
And I know my ship won't be coming in  
As I lay me down to take my rest  
I see that it's just dust in the wind

Take hold my hand, hold it tighter, ever tighter  
You must believe that I love you still  
But my strength, it grows weaker, ever weaker  
And my body has lost, its will

Oh my Lord, I have lost once again  
And I got no one to help me find my way  
But I never wanted to hurt nobody  
And I never wanted to do no wrong

As the last strains of the song die away, everyone leaves our hero alone to despair his miserable life of struonling for stardom. Enter a covey of N.Y.C. rock critics. They are despairing the low ebb in popular opinion toward rock critics. Every night they meet to tell stories about high school (what else).

Our Hero (in disgust): "It doesn't have to be perfect as long as it's... you know... if it's stupid enough, it's cool."

Richard Meltzer (played by Amos Garrett): "Ah, my meat!"

### PISS AARON

We figure, my daddy and me  
Things are still the same, it seems  
As when he lived it in his teens as a kid in school  
Aaron was a junior, the class of '32  
His mamma called him angel, but everybody knew he was the King king, the gross out king  
They called him Piss Aaron  
They always caught him pissing in the hall  
Piss Aaron, he never would refuse when nature called

Dumb Larry from homeroom 9  
Kept his locker full of weeds  
Just to satisfy his smoking needs and his love of fire  
Went to a game and lit a stink bomb in the bleachers  
The coach, the cheer leader and the chem teacher and the Dean dean, duh dean dean was after  
Dumb Larry, they always caught him smokin in the john  
Dumb Larry, you never would have missed him when he's gone

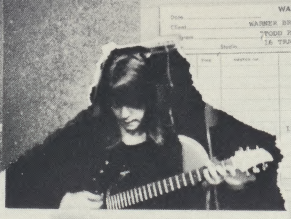
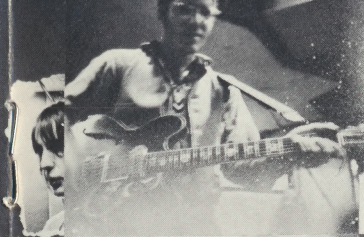
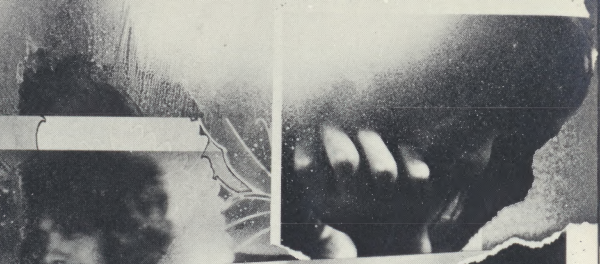
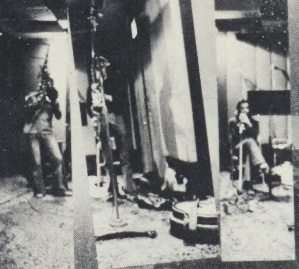
Chuck Biscuits, conservative-jive  
The biggest pig in all the school  
He would sit and smack his lips and drool as he eyed your lunch  
I left a bag in his desk one night  
A raw egg sandwich and when Hungry took a bite he had to  
Up chuck, uh up up-chuck, a pukin  
Chuck Biscuits, they always caught him eatin in the class

Scene 2 -- The next day  
Our hero is doing a demo for a record company of dubious competence. When he arrives at the studio, he becomes tangled with one of the background singers, so much so that he has trouble courting the song in. It is a tune from his past.

### HELLO, IT'S ME

Hello, it's me  
I've thought about us for a long, long time  
Maybe I think too much but something's wrong  
There's something here that doesn't last too long  
Maybe I shouldn't think of you as mine





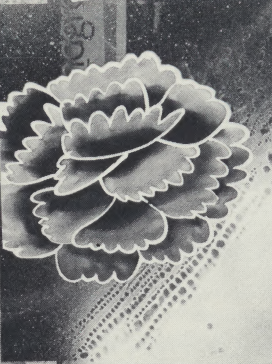
WARNER BROTHERS RECORDS, INC.  
1650 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Track Name: "TODD FUNDRAISER"  
16 TRACK MASTER TAPE

Fig No: \_\_\_\_\_ Rev: 1.5  
Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Time Spent: 15  
I.S.:

1. BLEG PIANO  
2. DRG KICK  
3. DRG SNARE  
4. DRG OVER 16  
5. DRG OVER 15  
6. DRG TID TOM  
7. DRG FL. TOM  
8. PERC.  
9. PRO  
10. BASS  
11. LEAD VOCAL  
12. MC. 1  
13. MC. 2  
14. MC. 3  
15. GUIT.  
16. BLEG. GUIT.



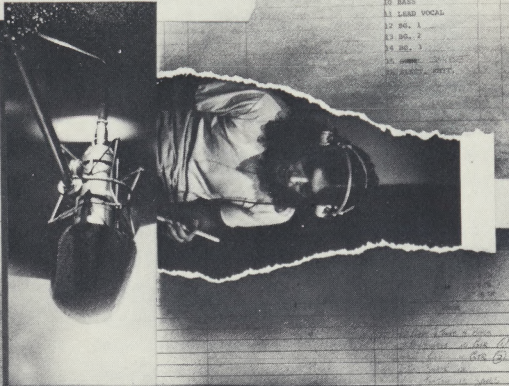
Something/Anything?

NEED #1: *Henry Stone Parks*

Todd Rundgren

Track	Comments
1	1st take
2	2nd take
3	3rd take
4	4th take
5	5th take
6	6th take
7	7th take
8	8th take
9	9th take
10	10th take
11	11th take
12	12th take
13	13th take
14	14th take
15	15th take
16	16th take

31 Todd Guit  
4 #11  
1001 Tom  
Snowe Ralpm  
1002 Para Lo  
251 Voc  
Eg...



ACTIVE 15

1. 1st take

2. 2nd take

3. 3rd take

4. 4th take

5. 5th take

6. 6th take

7. 7th take

8. 8th take

9. 9th take

10. 10th take

11. 11th take

12. 12th take

13. 13th take

14. 14th take

15. 15th take

16. 16th take



Anything?



Seeing you  
Or seeing anything as much as I do you  
I take for granted that you're always there  
I take for granted that you just don't care  
Sometimes I can't help seeing all the way through

It's important to me that you know you are free  
Cause I never want to make you change for me

Think of me  
You know that I'd be with you if I could  
I'll come around to see you once in a while  
Or if I ever need a reason to smile  
And spend the night, if you think I should

He gets a little nervous on the second middle-8, but regains his cookies and chalks up an above average performance. The kid waxes funky for the fadeout. There are many people now in the studio, dancing and gyrating in a hypnotic manner. But when the song is over, he finds that the girl is gone. Again he is alone, meandering around the giant studio complex (which has been operating at a loss for several months). He passes an open door where a bunch of hep cats (studio musicians) are doing a date. He is recognized.

Serge: "There goes Todd"  
O.H.: "Yipes!"

They decide to 'jam'. The kid waxes jive and breaks into a message song a la New Tempts (not to demean anyone's sincere intentions, including mine).

## SOME FOLKS IS EVEN WHITER THAN ME

There ain't a man alive today  
Who doesn't want to have the world in his hand  
And everything to go his way  
And abuse what he don't understand  
Some people never can be satisfied less they push somebody else around

But I can't give no aid or take no side  
I just watch them drag each other down because

Some folks is even whiter than me  
Some folks is even blacker than me  
I got myself caught in the middle somewhere  
And that's just where I want to be

I'm talking bout the outside  
Talking bout the inside too

I spent a lot of time alone  
And when I'm gone you won't remember my name  
But I ain't never been nobody's boss but my own  
And I hope that you can say the same  
And I feel just like everyone around  
I like to sing my song of change like a crooner  
But if we was all to live another mile uptown  
I think we'd like to get it changed a whole lot sooner

Scene 3—Three weeks later  
Our hero is back in the studio, this time under contract (one week with 500 three day options). The company's new president is a young hot shot hoping to up the corporate image. At the urging of the AMA, he has convinced the kid to write a public service kind of message song to hip people to the dangers of V.D. The kid has had other things on his mind, however, particularly the cute little background singer. She is there today to sing, and he is there to sing to her. She confesses a love to him.

O.H.: "Love is infectious..."  
The B.G. Singer: "I'm falling in love with the singer!"  
The Producer: "That was the take!"

## YOU LEFT ME SORE

Love is infectious and I was a victim  
The worst case you'd ever see  
But still I know no doctor or nurse  
Could cure what you gave to me  
Cause you

Really, you left me sore  
You really left me sore now baby  
You messed me up for sure and I don't mean maybe  
Cause you really left me sore

You didn't tell me and I didn't ask so there's  
Nobody left to blame  
But still I know no place I can go  
That helps to relieve the pain

But now I know no good ever comes  
From love on a one night stand

In the final chorus, the kid's voice cracks and he is a laughing stock. He has obviously lost the girl forever.

Scene 4—The Whiskey a GoGo, L.A.  
Our hero is slumped in a chair in the corner of the dressing room, half conscious. Manio, the manager, splashes a Coke in his face to revive him.

O.H.: "The sugar in that water was enough to revitalize me and that Coke syrup there that was in that glass and the saccharine... Manio (snapping him out of it): "Todd, there's that nation of fans you can't let down."  
O.H.: "Oh, I'm sorry fans. I talked for a moment, but I'll play all night if you want me to."

He babbles meaninglessly as he is led to the stage. He breaks into a song of everyday degeneracy in the pop world.

## SLUT

See that girl, watch her dance  
If I knew her name I wouldn't have to sit on my hands  
If my mouth don't work I get some help  
And she don't mind if I don't keep my hand to myself

You're alright  
You put up such a good clean fight  
I'm afraid that you lose tonight  
S-L-U-T  
She may be a slut, but she looks good to me

## THE CREDITS

### PART 3

All voices and instruments by Todd Rundgren

All tracks recorded at I.D. Sound, Los Angeles

Engineering by James Lowe with an occasional assist by John Lee

Most vocals recorded at The Record Plant, N.Y. by Dan Turbiville

The remaining vocals and the mixing was done at Bearsville

All songs by Todd Rundgren and published by Earmark Music/  
Screen Gems Columbia Music—BMI (all rights reserved) and the lyrics are reprinted by permission thereof.

### PART 4

1 Dust in the Wind 4 Piss Aaron  
2 Hello It's Me 5 Some Folks  
3 You Left Me Sore 6 Slut

#### The Players

Mark Klingman—organ 1, 2, 3  
piano 5  
John Siomos—drums 1, 2, 3  
Stu Woods—bass 2, 3  
Randy Brecker—trumpet 1, 2  
Mike Brecker—tenor sax 1, 2  
Barry Rogers—trombone 1, 2  
Rick Deminger—guitar 1  
John Siegler—bass 1  
Robbie Kogale—guitar 2, 3  
Billy Mundi—drums 4, 5  
Jim Colgrove—bass 4  
Amos Garret—guitar 4

#### The Singers

Hope Ruff—1, 2, 3  
Richard Corey—1, 2, 3  
Vicki Winslow—1, 2  
Dennis Cooley—1, 2  
Cecelia Norfleet 1, 2

Ben Keith—pedal steel 4  
Bugsy Maugh—bass 5  
Ralph Wash—guitar 5  
Gene Dinwiddie—tenor sax 5  
Serge Katzen—conga 5  
Tony Sales—drums 6  
Rick Vito—guitar 6  
Charlie Schoning—piano 6  
Jim Horn—tenor sax 6  
John Kelson—tenor sax 6  
Todd R.—piano 1, 2, 3, 4  
guitars 5, 6

Brook Baxes—6  
Anthony Carrubba—6  
Henry Fanton—6  
Edward Olmos—6

You're so clean, so refined  
You don't care to get messy just to have a good time  
She's got saggy thighs and baggy eyes  
But she loves me in a way I can still recognize

Our hero has sung his heart out. His throat is ripped to shreds. As the last chords die, the merciless silence bears witness to the fact that everyone in the audience has split. Our hero sighs and drops dead on the spot.

O.H.: "Whew"

The End

Randy Brecker, Mike Brecker, Barry Rodgers and Rick Deminger appear through the courtesy of Columbia Records

Tracks 1, 2, and 3 were recorded at The Record Plant, N.Y. and engineered by Dan Turbiville

Tracks 4 and 5 were recorded at Bearsville Sound and engineered by Nick Jameson

Track 6 was recorded at I.D. Sound and engineered by James Lowe

Money (That's What I Want) written by J. Bradford and Berry Gordy Jr. and published by Jobete Music Inc., copyright 1959

Dust in the Wind written by Mark Klingman and published by Open End Music Inc.

Hello It's Me written by Todd Rundgren and published by Screen Gems, Columbia Music Inc.

All other songs written by Todd Rundgren and published by Earmark/Screen Gems-Columbia Music Inc.

Album package concepts by Todd Rundgren

Front cover photo by Les Underhill

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Duds by Granny Takes a Trip

Produced and Arranged by Todd Rundgren

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The Nexus, P.O. Box 867, Canton, CT 06019



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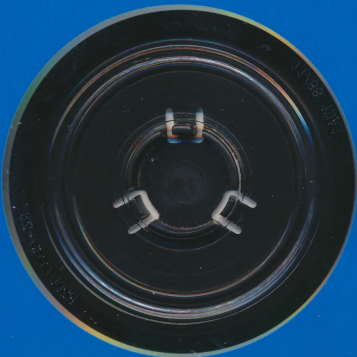
Something/Anything?



DISC 2

# Todd Rundgren Something/Anything?

- [01] BLACK MARIA
- [02] ONE MORE DAY  
(NO WORD)
- [03] COULDN'T I  
JUST TELL YOU
- [04] TORCH SONG
- [05] LITTLE RED  
LIGHTS
- [06] OVERTURE - MY  
ROOTS: MONEY  
(THAT'S WHAT I  
WANT) (Bradford Gordy  
Strong) Jobette Music Co., Inc.  
Stone Agate Music Division-BMI
- MESSIN' WITH  
THE KID (London) Word  
International Pub. Co-BMI



- [07] DUST IN THE  
WIND (Klingman) Open  
End Music, Inc.-BMI
- [08] PISS AARON
- [09] HELLO IT'S ME  
Screen Gems-Columbia  
Music, Inc.-BMI
- [10] SOME FOLKS IS  
EVEN WHITER  
THAN ME
- [11] YOU LEFT  
ME SORE
- [12] SLUT

R2DD 71107

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ALL SONGS WRITTEN BY TODD RUNDGREN, EXCEPT AS INDICATED.  
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**RHINO**



COMPACT  
**disc**  
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